18:Ingrams G-3 (1934-36)1938 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

them from retaliation on the Sei'ar, the traditional enemies of most of the Hadhramaut.

The men of the Manahil, Mahra, and those distant sections of the Kathiri who live up amongst the Mahra on the confines of the desert, take their mothers' names and not their fathers. Ordinarily of course Arabs call themselves Hassan bin Muhammad for example, but these people say Hassan bin Maryam. The Manahil and the Hamumi and some of the other tribes are almost exclusively monogamous and the women, who in some parts are not veiled, are extraordinarily free. A man proposes marriage to the woman direct, and her father will say it is not his concern. Bride price is very high, but the bride brings a lot of stock with her.

I have not journeyed far down the Wadi Maseila on the ground during the last tour, though I had been invited to attend the pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet Hud. However as I had not the time to go Seiyid Bubekr took me on the first aerial pilgrimage, as he called it, and the beautiful tomb in its picturesque surroundings crowded with a record pilgrimage presented a great contrast to the last time my wife and I had seen it, out of season when we were travelling down the wadi to Seihut. I noticed on this occasion the ruins of an ancient town on the very edge of the *jol* above 'Einat, and I think these are about the only ruins there are in such a situation in the Hadhramaut.

There is perhaps no need to say more of the big towns of the wadi, Tarim, Seiyun, and Shibam, or of the fertile lands between them now happily all at peace. The famous trench system of Al Ghurfa is now disused and the town is open to traffic, so that cars no longer have to skirt perilously round its walls. The whole place has been green with crops, a record millet crop last year and a record barley crop which was being harvested when I left in April.

Seiyun has changed in some ways, for like Tarim it has a new landing-ground used not only by the Royal Air Force but by civil machines, and in the town itself I have an office—for I am also Resident Adviser to the Kathiri Sultan—and there is a newly uniformed body called the Kathiri Armed Constabulary recruited mainly from the Sultan's slaves. I think it is generally known now that these so-called slaves are in fact much more independent than many free men, but it may not be so well known that with the full agreement and co-operation of the Sultans steps have been taken to grant freedom to any slave who desires it. The camel park has been moved from beneath the palace and there preparations are being made to lay out a small garden surrounded by the arcade in which are the police station, the post office, and a small dispensary.

Seiyid Bubekr's house which was being built when we first visited Seiyun three years ago is now finished. Its architecture is, I think I may say, not approved of by Miss Stark, as she no doubt will tell you, but it is a remarkably comfortable house, and when the family is living there a very happy house to stay in; but for some months Seiyid Bubekr's family has preferred to live in another big house of the old-fashioned kind in the town. Living in the empty Dar es Salaam, as it is called, gave me so much the feeling that my wife and I once had when we spent a day or two as the only guests in an enormous hotel in Belgium out of season that I prefer to live in the other house with Seiyid Bubekr. Many are the people who have enjoyed his kindly

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

Against the walls there are cushions on which to recline. The ugly modernity of mirrors fixed into the ceiling has been introduced into el-Bārr's house. Also, the old Ḥaḍramī colours of rust-red, black and white, which harmonize so well with the brown wood and with the lighter brown mud, have had some ugly new ones added to them.

In order to give pleasure to the family we take some more photographs of grown-ups and children. The household slaves and their jet-black children are with us in the *maḍjlis*; they serve round coffee and tea and many sweets, and talk with us, but nevertheless remain modestly in the background.

One can see from the many negro types in the streets and plantations that there are a great many slaves in Wādī Dō'an. They are employed for work on the land and as domestic servants.

In the afternoon we did what we could to treat a great number of patients, who came to us to ask for medicines or to have wounds and ulcers attended to. We could do little, however; and what, in any case, is the use of but one treatment? In all Ḥaḍramaut and its surroundings there is only one doctor with a western training. It is again the progressive Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf who has got this young Indian doctor to come here, but his work lies in far-away Terīm. The rich go sometimes to Aden to consult a doctor, and the Mission Hospital at Shēkh 'Uthmān near Aden is also known to a few.

Towards evening I stroll with Sayyid 'Aluwī to Qāret Āl el-Miḥḍār, half an hour distant, where lives Sayyid Muṣṭafā bin Aḥmad el-Miḥḍār, to whom we have a letter from the Vizier at Makalla. Our reception is particularly friendly. The old sayyid has seen something of the world, and he compares life in Wādī Dō'an to sleep, which is something like death. I am urged to talk constantly and the atmosphere grows so friendly that he takes me with him to his other and larger house and shows me all over it, having first, with his own hands, shut in his young wives behind bolted doors and hung the keys on his belt. The wives take their revenge by having

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the Ghumdān appear to be of recent date. The well is also found, and plucky Sayyid ʿAlī has the daring to go down into it, in spite of the gruesome tales of snakes and other monsters which are said to haunt its depths. The pit appears to be a shaft of karst about 90 feet in depth; in the lower part of it there is a transverse passage into which Sayyid ʿAlī penetrates over a few yards, with a loaded revolver in his hand. Then the squeaking of bats fluttering around him becomes too much for him and he returns to the shaft, where Von Wissmann has followed him. No traces of human activity nor of hidden treasures can be detected by the light of their electric torches. Both of them climb up again out of the pit without mishap, but with great effort.

Henceforth Sayyid ʿAlī feels drawn to Von Wissmann by the friendship of admiration. Of course he wishes to go with us into the valley of Ḥaḍramaut to the great Sayyid el-Kāf in Terīm and then to accompany us further to Qabr Hūd, there, with his friend "Ḥarmal" (corruption of Hermann, see p. 47), to explore the mysterious Bīr Barhût. He who dared the descent of Bīr Ghumdān shall also venture the hell's mouth of Barhût, and the name of Sayyid ʿAlī shall be handed down in honour for generations in the annals of Ḥaḍramaut. Drunken with pride and joy Sayyid ʿAlī accompanies Von Wissmann through the darkness back to Ḥurēḍa. He relates his tale, which grows ever finer in the telling, until deep into the night. My companion's fame precedes him into Ḥaḍramaut. Sayyid ʿAlī will introduce him with pride: "Ḥarmal, the German airman (look at his knee that has been shot away), the man who fears no height nor depth."

On the morning of May 22nd we have another invitation, this time to take tea with Sayyid Ṭālib, who is introduced as the Sindbad of Ḥaḍramaut. He has travelled pretty well all over the Islamic world, where as a sayyid and son of a race of theologians he was everywhere welcome, and he has returned wealthy from his travels. This Sindbad's beautiful house is jestingly called "the little Yildiz". He is old by now, but listens

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with amusement while his younger guests relate how, every year, he marries the prettiest girl to be found in Ḥurēḍa. We perfume ourselves with incense, the host doing so the most thoroughly of us all. He keeps the smoking censer under the wide folds of his garment. The tea with dishes of a confection of ginger is served. Sindbad, with his crafty face framed in a white beard, the extreme points of which are dyed orange with *ḥinnā°*, tells about his travels. The youthful audience feasts upon the witty tales of this enjoyer of life — a vanishing figure of the typical sayyid society of Ḥaḍramaut.

We exchange keepsakes with Sayyid Ḥasan el-ᶜAṭṭās in lasting remembrance of our visit to Ḥurēḍa. The lavish, kind welcome given us and the friendly feeling shown us here have smoothed the way for us through Ḥaḍramaut.

30: Gt. Britain G-5 (ca. 1918) 1920 MJ1 Saudi Arabia
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a monotonous chant. The dance is usually executed by two persons, each dancing by himself, who, while turning all the time, alternately approach and withdraw from the orchestra, but always keep at the same distance from each other; when the first two are exhausted their places are taken by two others, and so on for many hours at a stretch.

The status of women in the Hadhramaut appears to be superior to that in many Mussulman countries. The wife lives in the same part of the house as her husband, but she receives her visitors in her own rooms. Divorce is very rare, the repudiation of a wife without very good cause being held in high contempt; if an individual did so repudiate his wife he would certainly fail to obtain another wife of the same social scale. Polygamy is very uncommon; there are no eunuchs; in the event of the husband taking another wife, the first quits his roof immediately and returns to her parents. Amongst the Bedouins of the Hadhramaut polygamy is absolutely unknown. If a man definitively leaves his town to seek his fortune elsewhere, the wife may, and usually does, refuse to follow him. In this contingency it is considered legitimate for him to take another wife, and he is not expected to continue to support the first.

The marriage dowry is of a double character; there is, first of all, a legal tariff varying from 20 to 2½ florins according to the social status of the fiancée; and secondly, there is the nuptial gift, the amount of which varies according to her personal qualities: the first may be reclaimed in the case of a dissolution of marriage, the latter not.

In the Hadhramaut the poor and the rich dress much alike, the quality of the material, the jewels worn, and the arms carried being the only indications of status. The clothes worn by the townsmen resemble, in many respects, those of most orientals. Sandals with thin shoes, but no stockings, are worn; when out of doors a kind of plaid (*rādi*), made locally, about seven yards long and a little short of a yard wide, is invariably carried or thrown over the shoulders. The head is shaven.

The garments of the tribesmen are similar in the main to those of the townsmen, except that they are shorter, are worn somewhat differently, and the material is usually woven in diamond 'check'; the *jubbah*, or robe, is replaced by a shorter buttoned jacket; and the tribesmen carry their arms, a straight sword, a two-edged poniard, &c. The *rādi* is also worn. The hair is grown long and falls over the shoulders, and the head is covered